MY TRUE LOVE.

By Edith Hecht.

Over the waves of the whispering sea
My true love's sailing home to me.
White as down and soft as wool
Are the fleecy waves- the sails fly full.
Hark--the zephyr's changed to a wind of rage,
My heart beats fast in its bosom's cage.
My true love has found him another bride
For his corse floats back on the roaring tide.

PRESSER
PHILA DA
MLGG
.B74
M92
1900x

My true love.

Poem by Edith Hecht

Music by Domenico Brescia

Moderato

p:

O- ver the waves of the

Moderato armonioso.

Ped * Ped * Ped *

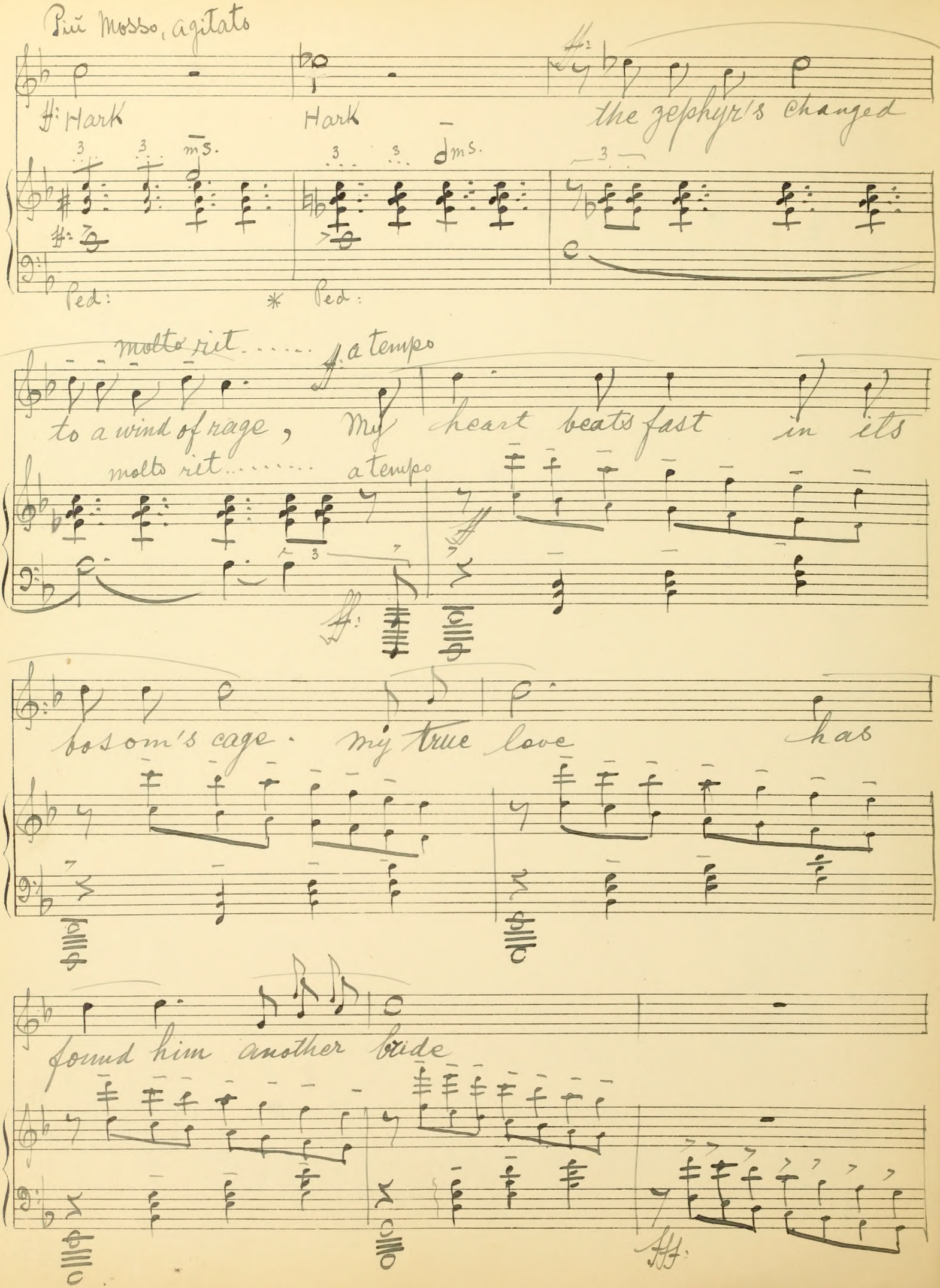
whispering sea My true love's sailing home to me.

White as down and soft as wool Are the fleecy waves the

sails fly full

mf

p:


Più Mosso, agitato
Hark
Hark
the zephyr's changed
Ped:
Ped:
molto rit..... a tempo
molto rit..... a tempo
to a wind of rage, My heart beats fast in its
bosom's cage. My true love has
found him another bride

declamando drammaticamente

For his corse floats back in the roaring tide.

col canto